




mmm. cinnamon. vanilla. mmm.



Chaz
 [cvillette](https://cvillette.livejournal.com/)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>
2007-12-14 00:16:00

MOOD: 🤪 geeky

MUSIC: Happy Rhodes - The Chariot

These are perfectly acceptable bread-machine cinnamon rolls. They are not the best cinnamon rolls in the world, but they taste good, and they can be made in half an hour of actual cooking. (As opposed to the best cinnamon rolls in the world, which, like Mrs. Korolenko's buckwheat pancakes, take all day to make.)

You will need:

A robot optimized for kneading dough, most of which also have a bread-baking function. But you will not need that tonight.

You will also need the following consumables:

Dough:

- * 1 cup milk (room temperature, but don't let it sit out too long)
- * 1 egg (room temperature)
- * 4 tablespoons unsalted butter, softened or cubed up tiny
- * 3 1/3 cups bread flour
- * 3 tablespoons sugar
- * 1/2 teaspoon salt
- * 2.25 teaspoons active dry yeast
- * 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Filling:

- * 3/8 cup unsalted butter, melted
- * 1/3 cup white sugar
- * 1/3 cup muscovado sugar
- * 3 teaspoons ground Indonesian cinnamon (Real cinnamon, in other words, not cassia. You can get it from Penzey's Spices. (<https://www.livejournal.com/away?to=http%3A/www.penzey.com/cgi-bin/penzeys/shophome.html>))

- * 1/4 teaspoon freshly grated nutmeg
- * pinch ground cloves
- * 1/4 teaspoon salt
- * 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

(optional)

* for a stronger cinnamon flavor, you can add a couple of shakes of good cassia cinnamon. It's not as sweet and delicate as the Indonesian cinnamon, though, so don't overdo it.

Also, you can sprinkle these things on top of the filling before you roll up the cinnamon rolls:

- * 1/3 cup chopped and lightly toasted walnuts or pecans
- * 1/3 cup nice fat juicy raisins, not withered-up horrible raisins.

Assemble your bread machine in the recommended manner. Usually this means putting the hopper inside the machine, and the paddle on the peg inside the hopper, then plugging the contraption in.

Take that first group of ingredients and put them in the bread machine in the order recommended in the little book that hopefully came with it. Otherwise, just kind of put them in any way that seems good to you. Shut the lid. Program the machine for the "dough" cycle. Push the start button.

Walk away for approximately 1 hour and 30 minutes, give or take ten minutes, depending on your bread machine. Go make a pot of coffee. Play World of Warcraft. Put in a load of laundry. Whatever.

Come back, and combine all the other ingredients in a bowl. (Melt the butter first.) Set this aside. Try not to eat it out of the bowl with the mixing spoon.

When the dough program is done, remove the dough from the bread machine hopper. Take the paddle out of the dough and place the dough on a floured surface. (Something about waist height--like your kitchen table rather than a counter--is best for kneading, but since your bread machine did all the hard work, it doesn't really matter.)

Knead the dough about a minute, then let it rest under a cloth or plastic wrap in a warm, draft-free location (like inside your oven with the pilot light lit) for 15 minutes.

Take the 13x9 inch brownie pan you plan to bake your cinnamon rolls in out and line it with parchment paper which you have cut to fit. You can use your kindergarten tracing skills to trace the shape of the pan on the parchment paper before you cut it with your

scissors.

With a lightly floured rolling pin or old wine bottle or whatever, roll the rested dough out into a rectangle about fifteen inches long and ten inches wide. Spread the filling evenly over the surface, leaving one inch of leeway at each edge.

Roll the dough up in a spiral starting on the long edge. Pinch the other long edge to seal it to the outside of the roll (a little water between the pieces helps it stick) and form it into a log about a foot long. You'll kind of have to fatten and shorten it up to do this. Then cut the roll into twelve one-inch pieces with a knife or a piece of dental floss or a pastry cutter or whatever. Arrange the spiral sliced pieces in the baking pan, evenly distributed. Four rows of three works.

Cover it up again and put it back in your warm, draft-free place and go away. Come back in half an hour and see if it has doubled in size. It probably hasn't, if your kitchen is as drafty as mine and you don't have a gas stove, so turn on the oven to preheat to 375 and give it another fifteen minutes.

Bake at 375 degrees F. for 20-25 minutes. Turn them out onto a rack to cool and make your icing.

Here are some potential icings:

- * Plain powdered sugar. Downmarket, but nice. You can make your own in a coffee grinder, and it won't have cornstarch in it, which is what gives the supermarket kind an off taste.

- * Powdered sugar icing: combine 1 cup powdered sugar with 1 to 2 tablespoons milk and 1/2 teaspoons vanilla, then blend until smooth. Adjust texture with more wet or dry until happy.

- * Cream cheese frosting: combine 2 cups of powdered sugar and 1/2 cup of melted butter. When they are blended, add enough evaporated milk to make a stiff paste, then blend in an 8-ounce package of cream cheese.

- * Vanilla frosting: in a medium bowl, combine 1 cup powdered sugar, 2 tablespoon melted butter, and 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Dilute with 2-4 tablespoons of milk or cream until it reaches a frosting kind of consistency. This is the one I usually use, and I also slit and scrape about a third of a vanilla bean and add that to the frosting. Why?

Because vanilla is the *king of spices*, that's why.

(You can take the split and scraped vanilla bean husks and bury them in sugar, by the way, and make vanilla sugar to put in your coffee or sprinkle on things. Because OMG, *vanilla*.)

Eat.

Invite friends over if you have any deserving enough

Failure Modes:

You burned it

You didn't cook it long enough

Wrong oven temperature

Too much nutmeg (waugh!)

You didn't let it rise long enough, or your yeast was dead, or your kitchen was too cold

You bought bad vanilla or bad cinnamon. SHAME ON YOU!

TAGS: [recipes](#)



[locked] [Dream Journal](#)

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

[Elvis doesn't live here anymore.](#)

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

[Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.](#)

44 comments

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[cvillette](#)

[December 14 2007, 18:26:46 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Absolutely. I have a better recipe for when you have time to do the work yourself, actually.

(I totally covet your mixer. Do you need a roommate? Will cook for mixer access--)

Okay, the better recipe:

dough:

3.25 teaspoons of dry yeast

1/4 cup warm water

1/2 cup shortening

1/3 cup sugar

1.5 teaspoons salt

1 cup milk

1 egg

4-5 cups sifted flour

filling:

melted butter

brown sugar

cinnamon (use good cinnamon, caveats as above, also additional spices as above.)

raisins or nuts optional

Proof the yeast.

Scald the milk; pour scalded milk over shortening. Add sugar and salt, mix, cool to tepid.

Beat the egg. Add it and the proofed yeast into the shortening and milk. Slowly beat in four cups of sifted flour.

Knead on a floured board until smooth. It should have, because of the shortening and the milk, a very stretchy elastic feel, and be somewhat soft.

Let rise in a warm place 1.5 hours. Make your jellyroll with the filling (butter, brown sugar, spices, raisins, nuts) layered on.

Bake in a preheated 350 degree oven 15-20 minutes. Don't overbake, they get too hard.

Invert onto a plate, frost, eat, etc.

These beat the bread machine ones hollow.

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 [cvillette](#)

December 14 2007, 20:14:39 UTC COLLAPSE

It's an artifact of religious significance.

I understand.



 [trolldatz](#)

[December 14 2007, 20:06:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Umm, I can vouch for these supposedly-inferior models. Mine was really, really good. I passed on the doughnuts, because they would have been swine before pearls. Or something like that.




 [cvillette](#)

[December 14 2007, 20:13:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You're welcome.

Wall tonight?



 [trolldatz](#)

[December 14 2007, 20:35:03 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Cooking lesson?




 [cvillette](#)

[December 14 2007, 20:53:11 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Your place, after wall?

(This is all just my nefarious plot to get into your kitchen...)



 [trolldatz](#)

[December 15 2007, 01:46:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That goes way back as a blues euphemism, you know.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 15 2007, 02:03:37 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

0.0

You're right.

I totally did not mean it that way. (And yes, I am making the frogboy face right now.) It's just a... really nice kitchen ogodshutupChaz.

By the way, stylin' pancakes tonight. Next week, tomato sauce from scratch!



 [trolldatz](#)

[December 15 2007, 02:22:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Thank you!

...

...tomato sauce doesn't come from cans?

And hey, did I get you hooked on Happy Rhodes, or were you already there?



 [cvillette](#)

[December 15 2007, 02:28:10 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Tomato sauce comes from tomatoes.

All my ecto are belong to you, Ecto-Girl. I briefly had a girlfriend in high school who used to play her stuff in the car constantly--"Feed The Fire" until my ears bled (She was older. She drove.)--but I was too cool for chick music back then or something.

Silly boy.

I got better.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 15 2007, 04:10:33 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Oooh.

You hooked up with an older woman?

Oooh.

g



 [cvillette](#)

[December 15 2007, 04:15:54 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I was fifteen. There *were* no younger women.

She was two years older. It lasted... um. Maybe a month? She dumped me by the green lockers outside the science hall at Rancho High School during a passing period, to the great amusement of Eddie Lavatori and his friends.

She was working as a cocktail waitress at the Riviera, last I knew.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 15 2007, 04:30:43 UTC](#)


[COLLAPSE](#)

And Eddie's last name was Lavatori, which is God's punishment right there.

Still--OMG, you dated a senior for a month. Awesome, dude.

Tomorrow--you want to do wall first and First Aid 101 after, or the other way around?




 [cvillette](#)

[December 15 2007, 04:33:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I wonder if it was all the teasing in grammar school that made him grow up so mean. Like a dog whipped until it will fight anything.

Let's do the thinky explainy part before we wear ourselves out?



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 15 2007, 04:41:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah. I should know better, too.

Tomorrow will be high on thinky-explainy. Wait 'til we get to the carries, though. Think the Cowboy would let us use him for practice?



 [cvillette](#)


[December 15 2007, 04:44:56 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...

Cowboy > Coyote.

By, oh, would you say about 89 pounds? He's gotta be 250.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 15 2007, 04:59:56 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That's why. You think the only people who keel over in your presence and need to be moved out of high-risk situations will weigh less than you?

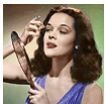
Don't fret, I'll larn ya. No hernias involved. *g*



 [cvillette](#)

[December 15 2007, 05:01:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

!!



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 14 2007, 17:10:46 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Charlie is also foodblogging today.

Sweet corn. Mmmmm.



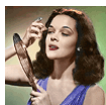
 [cvillette](#)

[December 14 2007, 18:28:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I saw!

And it's out of season!

As Harpy would say--WAUGH!



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 14 2007, 20:02:59 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Nature's way of, you know, making us appreciate nature.

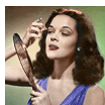
I would appreciate nature more if tomatoes ripened in snow. Nature needs a suggestion box.



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[December 14 2007, 20:14:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

can we just skip the snow thing entirely?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 14 2007, 20:31:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I like snowboarding. But you can ask, man. Just find the box.

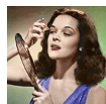


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[December 14 2007, 20:40:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You snowboard?

Will you teach me?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 15 2007, 00:44:00 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You realize it happens in winter. On snow. In the cold. Right?

Then shurethang! You will love it. Except for the cold. Big skateboard, no wheels, crazy shit.



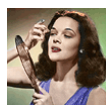
 [cvillette](#)

[December 15 2007, 00:46:37 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

God has given us Thinsulate.

Big skateboard, no wheels, crazy shit.

Hey. I cannot climb rocks in winter. Gotta do something!



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 15 2007, 00:58:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

All I ask is that you not drill any deep holes in the snow with your head.

Dad will have mine if you do.

(You keep expecting people to be reasonable. Yes, if I teach you how to do something that causes you lost worktime, Dad will hold it against me. I don't make the rules, I just sneak around behind 'em and spray paint stuff on their back fences.)



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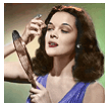
[December 15 2007, 01:00:56 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

What Dad doesn't know won't hurt him.

Besides, the last worktime I lost was job-related. And I have so much comp coming that if I just didn't show up until twelfth night, nobody could say anything.

My Puritan work ethic gets in the way, though.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 15 2007, 01:48:30 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I promise *pinky* not to let on to anyone that you. like. your. job.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 15 2007, 02:04:39 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I love my job. Is that sick?

I get to be a Big Damn Hero.

Though in the movies that *helps* you get the girl. Dammit, real life still != Hollywood.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 15 2007, 02:27:38 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

pthbthbthbt Hollywood. Trollcatz right. John Wayne = actor. Nobody alive onaccounta John Wayne.



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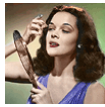
[December 15 2007, 02:29:30 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

...

Thank you, Steamroller of Perspective.

You Big Damn Hero too, you know.



[Ometotchtli](#)

December 15 2007, 04:14:02 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

Alla us Big Damn Heroes. Is why Big Damn gummint paygrade. >8+{

Why *am* I talking this way?

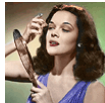


[trollcatz](#)

December 15 2007, 04:16:47 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

brain damage from emoticon hyperexposure?

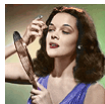


[Ometotchtli](#)

December 15 2007, 04:22:05 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

My vengeance is swift and sure, Birdgirl.



[Ometotchtli](#)

December 15 2007, 04:21:00 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

Grump.

Just had possible insight into self.

Compare Boy (unspecified) with Job.

Boy not very significant in larger scheme of things. Not compared to saving world.
Makes Boy boring in long run.

Grump.

Self-knowledge is stupid.



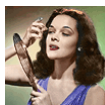
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December 15 2007, 04:22:04 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

Poor Erik.

Solution: Get him a job saving the world?



[Ometotchtli](#)


December 15 2007, 04:24:15 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, gawd. Then I'd have to compete. And he'd have to compete. And I'd win, and he'd mope. *g*

Planned obsolescence! It works for cars!




 [trollcatz](#)

[December 15 2007, 04:25:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Get him to wear those leather pants more often.

That'd make up for not world-saving.




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[December 15 2007, 04:26:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

(my eyes!)



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 15 2007, 04:34:25 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You are a delicate flower.

pats head

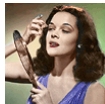
g



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[December 15 2007, 04:25:49 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Some boys don't mind losing to hot chicks.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 15 2007, 04:32:49 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That's cause they know it's never really losing. >,+3



 [cvillette](#)

[December 15 2007, 04:34:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Happy girl in expansive mood? FTW.

Ahem.

[\[locked\] Dream Journal](#)

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

[Elvis doesn't live here anymore.](#)

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

[Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.](#)